

THE GETTYSBURG TIMES.

Circulation in Adams County larger than "Star and Sentinel" and "Compiler" Combined.

Vol. X. No. 224

Gettysburg, Pa. Monday, July 8 1912

Price Two Cents

CHILDREN'S OXFORDS

July - August - September
Three Months at least of Hot Weather
Keep the Youngsters Cool

ECKERT'S STORE
"On The Square"

WIZARD THEATRE

Pathe Vitagraph Cines

LAUGHING GAS

This story is a scream from beginning to end, being the story of a man with a toothache, who goes to the dentist, and having been given gas, refuses to come out of it. This leads to many exceedingly funny situations, which will put you in good humor for a whole month.

THE BRIGAND

A thrilling drama, describing the adventures of Jack, an impetuous young fellow, who is finally saved from death by the bravery of Martha, his sweetheart.

AT SCROGGINS' CORNER

A rural drama of sentiment and tender emotions, featuring John Bunny in a serious vein.

Cooling Comfort-

these warm days and evenings at

Huber's Drug Store.

Phosphates, Iced Drinks
and Sundaes,

Cool you off just wonderfully.

FRANK TREICHLER, Ph. G., Manager.

NEW PHOTOPLAY

LUBIN SELIG EDISON

Driftwood
A tale of mistaken identity in the slums, the bread line and the rich man's mansion, featuring Kathryn Williams.

The Spanish Cavalier
A story of love, revenge and self-sacrifice in the beginning of the fifteenth century and dealing with the dreaded Spanish Inquisition.

The Preacher and the Gossips
Notice: Electric fans have now been installed in our theater making it cool and comfortable.

Live Right, Dress Right and You're All Right

There isn't a man in the world more entitled to good looks, good clothes and good luck than yourself.

Lippy Clothes are the kind that put you right.

J. D. LIPPY, Tailor.

THE QUALITY SHOP

Reductions on all Summer Suitings, Straw Hats,
Wash Ties and other Summer Wear.

WILL M. SELIGMAN,

TAILOR HABERDASHER

If you want a High Priced Pump—at a low price—
call this week—Save 50c to \$1.00 per pair.

Big bargains in "Shirt Waists."

THOMAS BROTHERS

BIGLERVILLE.

THOMAS BROS. on the Square for a Square Deal.

Hot Weather Specials

Ice Cream Freezers
It's cheaper to make ice cream than to buy it, when you can buy Freezers at our prices.
North Pole Freezers
1 quart size \$1.00, 2 quart \$1.25.
White Mountain Freezers
In all sizes.
Water Coolers
Zinc-lined and Stone Jars, in several sizes, specially low prices.
Hammocks
From 75c to \$7.00. Take one along on your camping or vacation trip.
CROQUET SETS from \$1.00 to \$2.50.

Gettysburg Department Store

TWO MEN DROWN IN QUARRY POND

Bittinger's Station Quarry Scene of Sunday Afternoon Tragedy when Two Men Met Death in Cold Pond.

Hoke's stone quarry, a half mile from Bittinger's Station, was the scene of a double drowning about half past four Sunday afternoon when George Gordon, aged 28, of Hanover, and Eugene Rife, aged 22, of Midway, met their deaths in the cool water of a swimming pool Rife lost his own life in an attempt to rescue Gordon who could not swim.

The two young men with several companions had walked out to the quarry during the afternoon, thinking to refresh themselves in the pond. They evidently became thoroughly overheated and did not consider the effect of the water which, as is the case in all quarry pools, is unusually cold.

Gordon could not swim but waded in and was soon beyond his depth. It is supposed he was also taken with cramp and he called loudly for help. The quarry is at some places very deep, as much as thirty feet, but Mr. Rife, who was then undressing for a plunge, dived in quickly to rescue his companion. The other men hurried about for rails or other lumber to throw out to Gordon. The latter is believed to have grasped Rife about the neck when he (Rife) made an effort at rescue. Both went down together and did not come to the surface. The bodies were found in about ten feet of water at seven o'clock in the evening. Rife's being found a short time before that of Gordon.

Neither of the men was married. Rife was a son of Mr. and Mrs. William Rife and was employed in the Hanover shoe factory. Gordon was a son of Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon, of Hanover and helped his father at his trade of plastering.

Both funerals will take place Wednesday, that of Mr. Rife at ten o'clock and that of Mr. Gordon at two o'clock.

SECURE SERVICES OF PATROLMAN

Occupants and owners of private cottages at Pen Mar are taking every precaution to safeguard their buildings and other valuables, in the vicinity of the park, since the recent robberies in the neighborhood.

Engene Conway, an experienced watchman, of Baltimore, has been employed by the summer residents along the High Rock road, near the entrance to the park, whose duty it will be to keep a vigilant look out for parties who prow around at night bent on house breaking and pilfering. Mr. Conway spends the night traveling from one cottage to the other trying the doors and windows to see that everything is secure. He went on duty July 1 and is paid by the owners of those who have leased private cottages for season. Since the robbery of the lunch room of William Bowers and the breaking into the Western Maryland railroad station at Pen Mar, the residents thought it best to try and protect their properties from similar occurrences.

JACOB KLEPPER

Jacob K. Klepper died at his home in Arendtsville Saturday at 11:15 p.m., aged 70 years, 1 month and 9 days. Mr. Klepper was a veteran of the Civil War having served three years in the 17th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

He leaves his wife, Mrs. Rebecca J. Klepper and these children, Mrs. J. C. Jenkins, of Lititz, Lancaster county; Mrs. A. Walter, Center Mills; Ira Klepper, New Chester; C. H. Klepper, and M. Ella Klepper, of Arendtsville.

Funeral at 1 p.m. Tuesday at the house from where it will proceed to the Lutheran church. Rev. D. I. Koser will officiate. Interment in Fairview cemetery, Arendtsville.

STOVER—LEFEVRE

Miss A. Troth LeFevre, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Enoch LeFevre, of Littlestown, and Henry S. Stover, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stover, of Hampstead, Md., formerly of Littlestown, were married Wednesday, July 3d, at Waynesboro. Mr. Stover has been a resident of Littlestown until several weeks ago, when he went to Hagerstown, Md., where he secured employment. They are spending their honeymoon at Pen Mar.

EXPECT BIG CHESTNUT CROP

Prospects are exceptionally bright for a big chestnut crop this year. Almost every chestnut tree is covered with bloom. The largest crop of chestnuts in many years was gathered in this section last year, and it is very seldom that two such big crops follow so closely together.

SHOP for rent: a frame shop, suitable for auto or paint shop, with stable adjoining. Apply Times office.

PROMINENT MEN HERE ON SUNDAY

Ban Johnson, S. S. Marvin, William B. McKinley and Others of Note Spent Sunday in Gettysburg and on the Field.

Gettysburg had a number of visitors of prominence over Sunday, all of whom came by automobile and made trips over the battlefield, taking local guides with them.

William B. McKinley, President Taft's campaign manager, arrived in town Saturday evening with his two cousins, Mrs. Words and Miss DeKraft, both of Washington. They came in Mr. McKinley's large car and stopped at the Eagle. This is his second trip to Gettysburg in a year. The party left at ten o'clock Sunday morning on their trip home.

B. B. Johnson, president of the American League and Charles A. Comiskey, manager of the Chicago "White Sox," registered at Hotel Gettysburg on Sunday. They were accompanied by Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Comiskey and had just come in from Chicago by automobile, stopping at Washington to get their baggage. Charles A. Sheads took the party over the battlefield.

J. H. Farroll, a prominent banker of St. Louis, was registered with his son, J. H. Farroll, Jr., at Hotel Gettysburg on Sunday. They made a hurried trip over the more important parts of the field and went from Gettysburg to Baltimore.

S. S. Marvin, the cracker magnate, of Pittsburgh, was registered at the Eagle Hotel Sunday and today. He was accompanied by C. L. Morey and Sylvester Morey of Greenwich, Warren Gilbert was their guide for the automobile trip over the battlefield. Mr. Marvin's bakery in Pittsburgh is one of the largest establishments of the kind in the east.

J. H. Dohbling, the well known contractor of York registered with a party of friends at Hotel Gettysburg on Sunday. Mr. Dohbling has done much trolley construction work in the lower end of Adams and York counties and now has the contract for the reconstruction of the pike from Gettysburg to New Oxford. With him were Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Stauple, Mrs. Stenge-meyer and Miss Stangenmeyer, all of York.

Many other automobile parties spent the day here, some stopping for dinner or supper while others made hurried battlefield trips and then continued on their way.

WARM WEATHER TO CONTINUE

Continued warm weather east of the Rocky Mountains and over the interior middle and southern districts to the westward was promised for this week in a bulletin of the Weather Bureau.

"The highest temperatures," the bulletin announced, "will probably be experienced in the great central valleys and along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. There will be no well defined storms, and precipitation will be limited to local thunder storms, or heat showers, that will not overspread extensive areas in any one day. In the South Atlantic and East Gulf States the showers will probably be less frequent than during the week just ended."

FOR COURT TRIAL

F. V. St. Martin, who figured in the July Fourth fracas on the streets of town and was charged with assault and battery on Officer Emmons, waived a hearing and will come up for trial at August Court. William Haney, who was charged with the same offense, was given a hearing before Squire Hill Saturday afternoon and gave bail in the sum of \$500 for his appearance at August Court.

FOREIGN MINISTER NEARBY

Another foreign notable has selected Buena Vista for his summer residence. Romulo S. Naon, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the Argentine Republic, and his wife will occupy the Ferdinand Latrobe cottage for the summer. They came up from Washington, a day or two ago, and are very much pleased with their summer home, its surroundings and the view from the mountain.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Gettysburg post office July 8, 1912:

Miss Leona Donaldson, Mrs. F. D. Long, Mr. William Weber.

Parties calling for the above will please state that they were advertised. C. Wm. Beales, postmaster.

WHEN you picnic a box of Whitman's, chocolates pleases the whole party. People's Drug Store.

LOST: a pair of gold rimmed nose glasses between High street and United States Express office. Reward if returned to Dr. Biggs, High street.

LANDSLIDE KILLS PLAYFUL YOUTH

Clement Carbaugh, Nine Year Old Boy, Killed Instantly at Berlin Junction when Buried beneath Pile of Dirt.

Clement Carbaugh, the nine year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carbaugh, of Berlin Junction, was instantly killed in a landslide at his father's brickyard on Saturday. The accident, which was particularly distressing, occurred while the little boy and his sister were playing.

They had been sent out to watch some cows and were playing about the clay banks when the little fellow climbed down an incline of about twenty feet. He had scarcely reached the bottom when a large quantity of shale and clay came tumbling down on top of him and he was completely buried beneath.

The little sister ran screaming for help and workmen hurried to the scene. With all possible speed they shoveled away the large accumulation of matter only to find the lifeless form of the boy beneath. His skull had been crushed and death was apparently instantaneous. His one leg was mangled but there were few other injuries.

The funeral was held this morning from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, New Oxford. Interment in the Catholic Cemetery, New Oxford.

ORRTANNA

Orrtanna, July 8.—Truman Beard, wife and two children of Gettysburg, spent Sunday with M. F. Cover and family.

Mrs. Harry Cluck and son, of Fayetteville, have been spending several days with the former's sister, Mrs. Carrie Biesacker.

The Misses Harbaugh, who have spent some with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Harbaugh, returned to Hanover, Sunday evening.

Herman Brame, of route 1, returned home Saturday, the happy possessor of a fine new automobile.

J. C. Hamilton and wife, celebrated July 4 by moving into their new home, while many others of town enjoyed the day and evening at Cashtown and Pen Mar, the weather man preventing many from venturing out in the evening.

Miss Florence Beard, of Hanover, has returned to the home of her grandmother to spend the summer months.

J. C. Baumgardner made a business trip to Harrisburg Saturday.

Mrs. Howard Saum returned home Sunday after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. William Saum, at Hilltown.

Robert Lochbaum who, with a number of friends went boating at Knoxlyn Sunday afternoon had a narrow escape from being drowned. The boat upset and all the party were thrown in the water. Unfortunately Robert could not swim but with the assistance of Ross King he was brought to safety.

E. Slonaker is visiting for a few days his brother Ira Slonaker, near town.

Mrs. Grace Horner and daughter, of West Chester, are spending a few weeks with John Donaldson and wife.

TAKING LONG HIKES

The Harrisburg Boy Scouts who are camping at McAllister's Dam for several days have been putting through some long hikes. They walked over the battlefield this morning, a distance of about eight miles, and seemed to be little fatigued when they came into town. They leave on the return trip to Harrisburg Tuesday morning.

BOROUGH WORK PROGRESSING

Work at laying the borough pavement in the southwest corner of the Square has been progressing at a good rate of speed, and the pavement proper was finished today, the curb and water table remaining to be completed. Operations at the other corner will be taken up within a short while and the improvements completed.

BROKE HER ARM

Mrs. L. U. Collins, living along the Littlestown pike, fell with an overturning load of hay at the barn on Friday afternoon and her right arm was broken near the elbow. Dr. H. S. Crouse, of Littlestown, set the arm.

BUTLER township school board will elect their teachers on Thursday evening. Those interested should be present.

TO whom it may concern: F. H. H. Ramer Jr., will not be responsible for any bills contracted by Mrs. F. H. H. Ramer, Jr.

CALORIS' bottles, drinking cups etc., for the camping party at People's Drug Store.

FOR RENT: furnished room. All conveniences. With or without board. Centrally located. Apply Times office.

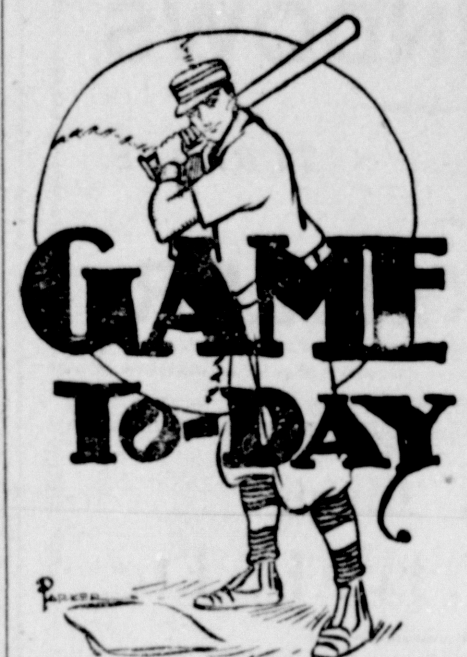
DISPUTED GAME IS DECIDED

First Game of Sunday School League, Subject for Friendly Argument, is Allowed to Stand as Played.

The first game of base ball in the Sunday School League played last Monday evening has been the subject of friendly argument ever since.

It will be recalled that the game was between St. James and College Lutheran teams and that St. James won by a score of 6 to 5. At one stage of the game there was a St. James runner on first and the batter knocked a grounder to "Eddie" Crouse at second, giving him an excellent opportunity for a double play. The runner from first stopped midway between the bases and Mr. Crouse at once judged him out and caught the other runner at first. A run or two followed as the result of the runner being safe judged at second.

The managers of the various teams held a meeting last week for the settlement of a number of questions and



Presbyterian vs. Methodist To-night.

Manager John Brehm, of the College team, asked for a ruling on this particular play. All agreed that if it was found on some authority that the runner was out the game would have to be played over. It was agreed to submit the matter to the sporting editor of The Philadelphia Press and this morning his reply was printed. It said "Base runner is safe at second. He must be touched with ball." Jerry Freeman and Ira Plank had been asked their opinions in the matter and they both gave this view. The question is accordingly settled and the game stands.

The Sunday School League game for this evening is between the Presbyterian and Methodist nines and a lively game is expected. The Methodist team has been strengthened since its first appearance last week and various rumors are afloat about Ira Plank pitching for the Presbyterians. The standing of the clubs to date is as follows:

	W.	L.	P. C.
Reformed	2	0	1.000
Catholic	1	0	1.000
St. James	1	1	.500
Methodist	0	1	.000
College	0	1	.000
Presbyterian	0	1	.000

KNOCKED DOWN BY AUTO

"Bud" Weaver, the 9 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weaver, of Midway, was knocked down by the automobile of Dr. W. C. Stick Friday evening, near his home and was slightly injured. The lad was walking away from an ice cream cone wagon, when the auto coming along side struck the boy, throwing him to the "pike." He was picked up by the doctor, who rendered the necessary treatment. The accident was unavoidable.

THREE LINES NOW IN SERVICE

On Saturday afternoon the "United" telephone put in service two more lines between Gettysburg and Biglerville. With three lines now in service the answer "Bigler's busy" from central will seldom, if ever occur.

Local patrons of the company will welcome this great improvement.

ORGANIZING SCOUTS

Charles D. Fleagle, scoutmaster of the Gettysburg Boy Scouts, went to East Berlin this morning to organize a troop of Scouts at that place.

THE BEST YET

W. J. Sachs, White Run, has a timothy stalk measuring 6 feet 5 1/2 inches.

WANTED: a man with \$1000 to invest in a feed industry near Spring Grove, Pa., and become Superintendent. This is an elegant proposition. No experience necessary but a man with some knowledge of grain buying preferred. Write Lock Box 321.

WHEN you camp, a safety razor, just the thing. Gillette's Auto Strip and Leslie, 30 days trial at The People's Drug Store.

PERSONAL NOTES AND BRIEF ITEMS

Paragraphs of News Telling of the Happenings in and about Town. People Visiting here and those Sojourning Elsewhere.

Mrs. William Tawney has returned home after a visit with relatives in Harrisburg.

Mrs. Kathryn Bixler, daughter of Mrs. John Norbeck, and wife of Rev. H. C. Bixler, missionary at Bruning, Nebraska, was taken to Tabitha hospital at Lincoln, some weeks ago, where a delicate and critical operation was performed in order to save her life. Although in a serious condition for some time, she is now slowly recovering.

Mrs. M. C. Berger and daughter, Miss Bessie, of West Middle street, spent Sunday in Hagerstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Duncan, Lincoln avenue, are spending several days at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Hibbs, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Hibbs and Miss Hibbs, of Norristown, are guests at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Charles H. Huber.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. G. Weaver, Stevens street, were guests of friends in Baltimore for the past few days.

Donald P. McPherson and family are spending several days at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Johnston McLeanahan, Chambersburg.

Rev. Charles F. Sanders preached in one of the Lutheran churches in Harrisburg on Sunday.

Leo C. Eckenrode, of Pittsburgh, spent the past few days here with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Eckenrode, West High street.

George Hartman and John Sachs visited friends in Lebanon over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Smith have returned to Baltimore after a visit of several weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Weaver.

Miss Harriet Horine has returned to Washington after a week's visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Swartz, Baltimore street.

J. Rowe Stewart, of Philadelphia, was a guest Sunday at the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Diehl.

John F. Rummel, of New York City, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Rummel, of Stevens street.

Mrs. Tyson gave a reception at her home at Guernsey on Saturday evening for Mr. and Mrs. William C. Tyson. A number of Gettysburg people were among the guests.

Miss Elliott entertained a number of friends at Graffenburg Inn this afternoon.

IRON SPRINGS

Iron Springs, July 8.—Mrs. Harry Beatty and children, of Gettysburg, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Allison, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shriner visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bowling, on Saturday.

LIGHTNING FIRES BARN

During the thunderstorm Friday afternoon, lightning struck the large bank barn on the farm of Harry Julius, in Washington township, York county, near Eisenhart's mill, and it was consumed, together with a large quantity of hay, straw, &c. We are informed no live stock was injured.

Mr. Julius was hauling in hay when the lightning struck the building and he succeeded, he thought, in extinguishing the fire. Soon after, however, the flames issued from another part of the building and in a few minutes the structure and its contents fell a prey to the flames.

THROWN BY MULES--

ARM DISLOCATED

George Krentzer, residing on the Andrew Unger farm, along the Littlestown Turnpike, Union Township, met with an accident Thursday. While plowing in a field, he was accidentally thrown to the ground by his mules, dislocating his right shoulder and spraining his right wrist. Dr. C. E. Bortner was sent for, and rendered the necessary attention.

BRILLIANT RECEPTION

Chambersburg Public Opinion. One of the most brilliant social events of the season in the Valley was the reception given by Mrs. L. M. Kauffman at her beautiful home at Kauffman's Station Friday evening. The affair was held in honor of Mrs. W. A. Granville, Mrs. C. H. Huber, of Gettysburg, and Mrs. Heckman, of Bloomsburg. About two hundred women from towns in the valley were present and spent a delightful evening.

WANTED: a man with \$500 to invest and manage a feed store in Gettysburg. Salary and commission. Write Lock Box 321.

YOU save time, money and labor by getting your dinners at Raymond's Auto Kitchen.

THE GETTYSBURG TIMES

PUBLISHED DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
Times and News Publishing Company
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PHILIP R. BIKLE, President.

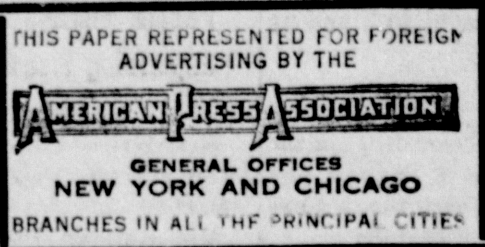
PHILIP R. BIKLE, Editor.

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Entered August 15, 1904, at Gettysburg, Pa., as second-class matter, under Congress March 3, 1879.

BELL PHONE UNITED PHONE
Office in Northwest corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.



Want ads. 1 cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Resolutions of respect, poetry and memorials 1 cent per word.

TO OUR READERS

The Gettysburg Times takes absolutely no part in politics, being neutral on all such matters. Anything that appears in general news columns, concerning state or national politics, is furnished us by The American Press Association, a concern which gives the same news to Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, or Socialist papers and which is strictly non-partisan.

Our advertising columns are open to all candidates of all parties.

WATCH OUR WINDOWS

Store closed at 6 P. M. except SATURDAYS.

C. B. KITZMILLER.

To Parties Giving PIC-NICS FESTIVALS Etc.

Let us furnish your Ice Cream. We can deliver any one of a half dozen different flavors on short notice.

Gettysburg Ice & Storage Co.

Both Telephones.

Notice!

The School Directors of Arendtsville Borough will receive bids for the building of a new annex to the old school building, size 28 x 38, two stories frame cased with brick. All bids to be in by July 15th, 1912, at 12 o'clock, noon. All bids to be sealed and accompanied by bond the same amount as bid. The school board reserves the right to reject any or all of the bids. For plans and specifications see

C. S. RICE, Secretary.

REAL ESTATE

If you want to sell or rent your real estate, no matter where located, or, if you want to buy or exchange any kind of real estate, or have rents collected, or properties insured, call on or address,

T. C. McSHERRY,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,
106 Baltimore St., Gettysburg, Penna.

ANNOUNCEMENT

This is to inform my patrons and the public, that on account of the growth and increase in the produce business department, and distribution of spraying material; I am unable, at least at the present time, to handle any WHEAT at my warehouse, but will continue the feed and other grain department same as usual.

Z. J. PETERS,

GUERNSEY, PA.

ISSUE CALL FOR NEW PARTY

Convention is to be Held in Chicago on Aug. 5.

TO NOMINATE A TICKET

All But Eight States Are Represented on the Committee That Signed the Call.

New York, July 8.—Colonel Roosevelt's third party convention will be held in Chicago on Aug. 5, either in the Coliseum or Orchestra hall.

The call for it, signed by Roosevelt leaders of forty states and addressed "To the people of the United States without regard to past political differences," was issued through Senator Joseph M. Dixon, campaign manager in the new national headquarters of the party at the Hotel Manhattan.

The party will probably be called the Progressive National party. The convention will decide as to that.

Eight states—Maine, North Carolina, Delaware, South Carolina, Arkansas, Mississippi, Idaho and Nevada—are not represented in the provisional committee which signed the call for the convention. The call is as follows:

"To the people of the United States without regard to past political differences, who, through repeated betrayals, realize that today the power of the crooked political bosses and of the privileged classes behind them is so strong in the two old party organizations that no helpful movement in the real interests of our country can come out of either:

"We believe that the time has come for a national Progressive movement—a nationwide movement—on non-sectional lines, so that the people may be served in sincerity and truth by an organization unfettered by obligation to conflicting interests;

"Who believe in the right and capacity of the people to rule themselves and effectively to control all the agencies of their government, and who hold that only through social and industrial justice, thus secured, can honest property find permanent protection;

"Who believe that government by the few tends to become and has in fact become, government by the sordid influences that control the few;

"Who believe that only through the movement proposed can we obtain in the nation and the several states the legislation demanded by the modern industrial evolution, legislation which shall favor honest business and yet control the great agencies of the whole people; legislation which shall promote prosperity and at the same time secure the better and more equitable diffusion of prosperity; legislation which shall promote the economic well being of the honest farmer, wage worker, professional man and business man alike, but which shall at the same time strike in efficient fashion—and not merely pretend to strike—at the roots of privilege in the world of industry no less than in the world of politics;

"Who believe that only this type of wise industrial evolution will avert industrial revolution;

"Who believe that wholesome party government can come only if there is wholesome party management in a spirit of service to the whole country and who hold that the commandment delivered at Sinai, 'Thou shalt not steal,' applies to politics as well as to business;

"To all in accord with these views a call is hereby issued by the provisional committee under the resolution of the mass meeting held in Chicago on June 22 last, to send from each state a number of delegates whose votes in the convention shall count for as many votes as the state shall have senators and representatives in congress, to meet in mass convention at Chicago on the fifth day of August, 1912, for the purpose of nominating candidates to be supported for the positions of president and vice president of the United States."

Among the signers are the following: Maryland, Charles J. Bonaparte, E. C. Carrington, Jr.; New Jersey, Everett Colby, George L. Record, J. Franklin Fort; New York, W. A. Prendergast, Oscar S. Straus, Wood Hutchinson, Timothy L. Woodruff, Chauncey J. Hamlin, Henry L. Stoddard; Pennsylvania, E. A. Van Valkenburg, William Flinn, Gifford Pinchot; Virginia, Draper Lewis; West Virginia, Thomas L. Moore; West Virginia, W. M. O. Dawson.

Killed in Family Feud.

Suffolk, Va., July 8.—Craig Atkinson, a young jeweler of Boykins, Va., shot and instantly killed John Beale, a prominent farmer, there. Atkinson fully armed, went to the Beale home and after a wordy war a duel with Winchester rifles followed. Atkinson fatally wounding Beale. Atkinson was slightly wounded. The tragedy was the outcome of an old feud of years standing between the families.

Rich Woman Dies on Train.

Washington, July 8.—Mrs. Amel J. Barber, of this city, widow of the "Asphalt King," died suddenly while returning from New York on the Congressional Limited. As the train was leaving Baltimore the conductor discovered that Mrs. Barber was dead. She was traveling alone.

W. H. DINKLE, GRADUATE OF OPTICS will be at Penrose Myers' Jewelry Store, every Tuesday. Free examination of the eyes.

WANTED to buy a second hand motor, gas or gasoline engine of any horse power from 1 to 8. Apply at the Times office.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Ex-President in a Characteristic Campaign Attitude.



KILL BANDIT WHO HELD UP FARMER

Two Others Who Terrorized Township Captured.

Norristown, Pa., July 8.—Two of the three highwaymen who have been terrorizing the residents of Upper Merion township for the past week, are lodged in the county prison, while the third is lying dead in the morgue of the Charity hospital, having died of a gunshot wound received after the three men had held up and robbed William Paul, a farmer, while he was on his way home from Conshohocken.

The three men surrounded Paul and made him hand over about \$9 in cash after they had threatened to shoot him. Instead of going home, Paul returned to Conshohocken and notified the authorities of that town. A dozen men armed themselves with guns and revolvers and, headed by Officer McElhane, made a search for the robbers.

A short distance from Swedeland the posse came upon the three robbers, who at first refused to surrender. William McDermott, a blacksmith, of West Conshohocken, fired a load of bird shot into one of the robbers, and he fell to the ground mortally wounded. The other two highwaymen then surrendered.

The wounded man gave his name as John Gesogone, of Pottsville. His companions were Joseph Lerons and Joseph Follard.

TREED BY BEARS SIX HOURS

Minnesota Young Woman Seeking Cows Has Thrilling Encounter.

Kinney, Minn., July 8.—While hunting for a lost cow in the woods adjacent to her father's homestead, seven miles north of Kinney, Mary McInnes, fifteen years old, encountered a black bear with two well-grown cubs.

Miss McInnes was almost upon the animals before she saw them. Screaming, the girl scrambled over fallen logs and dead brush, the enraged bear coming after her. Coming to a small tree, she grasped the lower bough and drew herself up until out of immediate harm's way.

The bear hung around the tree and made several attempts to climb it, but its efforts were failures, owing to the small girth of the trunk, which prevented the brute from getting a solid grip.

When darkness came on the parents and elder brother became alarmed and started out with lanterns to find the girl, calling loudly as they proceeded through the woods. Miss McInnes heard the calls and endeavored to answer them, but at first found it impossible to make even the slightest sound because of the cold and nervousness.

As the searchers drew near, however, she was heard calling faintly. The bears must have been frightened off by the lantern light, as nothing was seen of them by the rescuing party. Miss McInnes had been in the tree six hours.

Lightning Puts in Objection.

Pottsville, Pa., July 8.—Lightning struck a telephone wire while Charles Wells, a trolley conductor, was trying to report to headquarters that a prior bolt had struck his car, and he was shocked into unconsciousness. He was revived and the physicians say that he will fully recover.

Even Wall Street Bets on Wilson.

New York, July 8.—The odds in Wall street on the presidential election are now 10 to 8 on Wilson, the Democratic nominee, with no takers if there is any Taft money to be had. Persons willing to lay odds on Wilson have been unable to find it. The political fortunes of Roosevelt do not figure at all.

M. THOMPSON DILL, DENTIST
Biclerville Penna

All branches of the profession given careful attention. United Telephone.

EVERYBODY'S going to Raymond's Auto Kitchen for a light lunch in the evening.

STEAMER RAMS BATTLESHIP

The New Hampshire Is Badly Damaged in Collision.

ACCIDENT DUE TO FOG

Fall River Liner - Commonwealth Crashes Into Warship Off Newport, R. I., and Both Suffer.

Newport, R. I., July 8.—The Fall River line steamship Commonwealth, Captain W. B. Appleby, rammed the battleship New Hampshire, Captain James H. Oliver, in Narragansett bay, inflicting damages to both that will necessitate their going to drydock. Luckily there were no casualties.

There were not many going about on either vessel at the time, and it so happened that the boats struck at points where there were no sleeping quarters. The steel and wooden hulls as a result of the impact crumpled up like paper, despite the fact that the Commonwealth was beginning to slow down and her paddle wheels were beginning to reverse.

The collision was due to a fog, one of the thickest that has enveloped the bay, making it impossible to see a boat's length.

The New Hampshire was at anchor abreast of the naval training station, 500 yards from the battleship Kansas and 1,000 yards from the Louisiana. The New Hampshire was the closest inshore, and therefore the nearest to the path followed by the Commonwealth on her way from Newport to Fall River.

Wireless Operator Whitehead, of the Fall River liner, notified the naval torpedo station of the accident immediately after it had happened. This message was picked up by the other battleships in the bay, and there was preparation made to go to the assistance of the colliding vessels. Fortunately, however, this was not necessary.

The Commonwealth's bow was badly stove in. The steamer struck the battleship fair and square bow on. The result was the tearing of a hole several feet in length in the wooden work on the starboard side, the guard rail was torn away and the bow flagpole has a list to starboard.

The more serious damage, however, is in the steel hull. The bow fender has a perceptible turn in it, and down close to the water line and extending some distance below the water the steel plates were crumpled up and pushed astern a few feet.

The Commonwealth had a large passenger list of 1100 and a heavy cargo of freight.

The stern of the New Hampshire is badly torn and twisted. Lieutenant Harry Campbell, the officer of the deck at the time of the accident, had the fog bell sounded at frequent intervals. Suddenly Lieutenant Campbell saw the Commonwealth loom up out of the fog, and seeing that the collision was inevitable, he ordered the closing of the watertight doors. This was done before the Commonwealth struck, and the crew in answer to an alarm signal was turning out of their hammocks and berths for their stations.

The New Hampshire's stern was cut above the protective deck, the Commonwealth's stem passing through the after compartment of gun and berth decks. The captain's after cabin and the blower run beneath it was completely wrecked and the starboard after armorplate was driven in about three inches toward the center of the ship.

MISSING CHILD FATALLY HURT

Little Girl Found With Throat, Chest and Wrists Cut.

New York, July 8.—After searching all night for eleven-year-old Julia Connor, who lives at 3872 Third avenue, who was found unconscious in a vacant lot at 540 East One Hundred and Seventy-third street, with her throat, chest and wrists cut and mangled. She died at the Fordham hospital.

The police are now searching for an unidentified man, who Mrs. Julia Connor, mother of the dead girl, says spoke to her daughter a month ago as she stood in front of a moving picture theater.

The man invited her to go into the theater with him, but she refused, telling him, she afterward told her mother, that she was not permitted to go to picture shows.

Trented Seven Months; Drowns.

Wenton, N. J., July 8.—George Schumaker, a young laborer, married seven months ago, was drowned by a low tide while swimming in the Delaware river. It is believed he succumbed to cramps. The body was recovered.

Big Factory Burned.

Bellefonte, N. J., July 8.—Thousands of gallons of lubricating oil contributed to a spectacular blaze at the plant of L. Sonneborn Sons at this place. The factory was completely destroyed, entailing a loss of more than \$200,000.

Drowns While Bathing in Creek.

Philadelphia, July 8.—While swimming in Manayunk creek, Charles Floy, sixteen years old, was seized with cramps, and before aid could reach him he was drowned.

NOTICE

The school directors of Butler township will receive bids for the building of a new school building, size 28x36 one story brick. All bids to be in by 7 o'clock p. m., July 11th, at which time they will be opened. All bids must be sealed. The school board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. The plans and specifications may be seen at Thomas Brothers Store, Hagerstown, or at residence of C. A. Griest, Secretary.

Mannish Modes That Are to Be in Order for Street Wear



SHAPES made on lines of men's hats are to be worn this spring by smart dressers, and look very trim with plain tailored gowns. The models liked most are the Derby and a similar shape with a tall square crown. But along with these severe lines are gay touches of color and strictly feminine adornments in the way of rosettes of ribbon, standing "rings" of fabric (as silk or ribbon), also the smart brush of silk which has such a vogue in millinery along with other Durbur ideas.

Flowered ribbon laid in plaits across the front of a black Milan shape and surmounted by a "paint brush" trim in black is one of the noblest hats so far produced.

Some shapes on this order have the crown and upper brim overlaid with velvet in bright colors—such as red, royal blue, cerise and green. Not many all black hats are shown, but combinations of black with strong colors have such a vogue as never before, while black and white maintain their popularity always, in their new and proper environment.

The stiff standing "brushes" used for trimming are made of silk fibers—of gours and other feathers, and similar forms made of flowers and foliage are known as "stick-up" ornaments, for want of a better name. Some simple shapes are displayed without ornament other than a band and flat bow across the front made of a three-inch heavy ribbon.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

SATIN AND TAFFETA MANTLES

Decided Vogue is Apparent for These Tailor-Made and Attractive Garments.

To replace the tailor-made for afternoon and visiting wear, there will be a great vogue in long, soft satin and taffeta mantles. These are quite straight and for the most part unlined and, when not expressed in black, are carried out in strict harmony with the gowns.

Large square revers, allied to equally large square shaped collars, figure on an appreciable number of models. And by way of breaking the monotony of an all-black scheme the revers are oftentimes faced with some color, such as bishop's purple, peony or a Pekin silk is pretty. But always are these contrasts veiled in black chiffon. That seems for the moment to be a hard and fast decree.

Fringe also plays its part, and the mantles in their entirety are being regarded by a large fraternity of women as a veritable boon for filling the anxious hour pending the definite acceptance of the proposed fresh modes and styles.

The Waist Line.

An indication of present fashions is that the waist line will in many cases be indicated by a narrow belt of the old-fashioned sort which one has ceased to associate in one's mind with smart dressing. In very many of the newest gowns the waist is emphasized and in its normal place.

As a rule, the belt corresponds with the other trimmings of the gown, but this is not insisted upon, and sometimes it has no connection with it at all, but belongs wholly to the must abused region of the fancy belt. Thus a striped gown has its narrow belt of folded brocade tissue, and an afternoon frock which was carried out in pompadour silk emphasized its possession of a waist by circling it with a band of stiff, straight ribbon.

Broom Holder.

A drain pipe may be put to a rather novel purpose in the shape of a holder for brooms, garden tools, etc. Decorated drain pipes make excellent umbrella and fern stands for the hall, but when used for the purpose shown need only be decorated in a very simple way, and a good plan of doing this is to entirely cover the exterior of the pipe with some remnant of any pretty wall paper, which may be very easily fastened round the sides with paste. It will then look by no means unsightly, and may be placed in the corner of the kitchen or in some other suitable spot.

Tennis Costume.

The white serge skirt in combination with one of the many types of loose-skirted blouses is much used for tennis. With it is worn a striped coat of blue and white, orange and white, red and white, or green and white. Combinations of the various college colors are also seen.

They Don't Speak Now.

Glady's (just twenty-two)—This is my birthday, Mabelle. Guess how old I am?

Mabelle—Oh, I'll guess twenty-six.

Glady's—Not very good. Four years out of the way.

Mabelle—Well, dearie, I wanted to be sure and to on the safe side.—Judge.

His Reasons.

"That old miser talks very little."

"Probably he's afraid of spending his breath."

SIMPLE GOWN



With mauve stripes, brightened by a cluster of cherries at the waist. Leghorn hat, edged with cornflower blue velvet and trimmed with cornflowers and poppies.

Dainty Glove Protector.

Among the frilly things that girls are making this season are tubes of white satin to slip inside the muff to protect white gloves from soiling.

Take a strip of satin or heavy muslin, 15 inches long and 12 inches deep, fold it over and sew in a seam to make a six-inch tube. Sew in a French seam to avoid raveling. Finish the ends with a narrow hem and frills of chiffon or chiffon and creamy lace.

It is the work of a minute to slip this case inside the muff. The frilly ends improve the looks of the muff, while gloves last much longer so protected.

Coats Without Padding.

Tailors are using less and less padding in the new coats, and although these are never entirely innocent of the building out required to prevent wrinkles in the goods, they are very cleverly cut to suggest a smooth squareness, and are sometimes fastened (as is the tendency just now) from neck to hem with a straight and closely set line of buttons, with a tiny turned down collar or imitation collar in embroidery.

No Place for Him.

"William, come. I refuse to sit through another act of this show with you."

"But, my dear, it may not be—"

"No, no. It isn't fit for decent people to see. I refuse to stay here with you any longer."

"Very well, if that's the way you feel about it. Only I would like to know how the plot is finally unfolded."

"I'll get a matinee ticket and tell you."

SCENE AT WRECK.

Rear of Smashed Train as It Looked After Disaster.



© 1912, by American Press Association.

This general view of the wrecked excursion train gives an idea of the awful impact which crushed out so many lives and wounded so many others when an express train on the Lackawanna hit the waiting train near Corning, N. Y.

MURDERED AFTER FIGHT AT PARTY

Man Found Strangled Beneath Railroad Culvert.

Phillipsburg, N. J., July 8.—James Russo, aged thirty-one years, of this place, was found strangled to death beneath the Lehigh Valley railroad culvert at Alpha, near here.

The body was discovered by William Banghardt, a dairyman, of Springtown. On the man's neck were visible the finger marks of the murderer. That the motive for the crime was not robbery was shown by the fact that Russo's gold watch, a sum of money and some of his papers were undisturbed in his clothing.

Russo went to Alpha Saturday night to attend a party. During the night there were several fights. So far as can be learned, Russo incurred the displeasure of several guests by taking part in one of the disputes. He left the house at a late hour and walked toward the railroad tracks, intending to go home. Then he was attacked beneath the culvert and choked to death.

At the same spot where Banghardt discovered the body, his son, George Banghardt, was held up by two highwaymen. He knocked down one man and darted into the shadows of the culvert. A pistol shot followed him, but flew wide of the mark.

VISITORS AT MT. GRETTA

National Guardsmen Spend Sunday in Entertaining Friends.

Mount Gretna, Pa., July 8.—Five thousand visitors from the western section of the state who participated in the special excursion to this place on Sunday, together with nearly as many from the Pennsylvania German and other Mount Gretna residential districts and nearby towns, contributed to a day of frivolity for the Pennsylvania national guardsmen and United States army troop in camp here.

During the afternoon especially large numbers of visitors thronged the camp to the accompaniment of snapping cameras and the discordant cries of souvenir vendors and purveyors of cigars, lemonade, ice cream cones and the like. There was little duty imposed, and the militiamen, as well as the regulars, were permitted freedom of the entire afternoon for the entertainment of their guests.

Cool on One Side, Hot on Other.

Central Village, Conn., July 8.—A factory employee here named Vannesse is a wonder to the medical fraternity. His peculiarity is in perspiring. He only sweats on one side of his face. While great drops run down one side of his body the other side is as dry as a bone. He has always been that way and says he has got over worrying about it.

WEATHER EVERYWHERE.

Observations of United States weather bureaus taken at 8 p. m. yesterday follow:

	Temp.	Weather.
Albany.....	86	Clear.
Atlantic City..	70	Cloudy.
Boston.....	80	Clear.
Buffalo.....	78	Clear.
Chicago.....	72	Cloudy.
New Orleans...	80	Rain.
New York.....	70	Clear.
Philadelphia...	82	Clear.
St. Louis.....	80	P. Cloudy.
Washington...	82	Clear.

Weather Forecast.
Fair today and tomorrow;
southerly winds.

R. H. Bushman
Cleaner
and
Presser
14 Chambersburg St.,
Gettysburg, Pa.

AMERICANS WIN AT OLYMPIAD

They Capture the First Semi-Finals Run.

JAMES THORPE IS A STAR

Carlisle Indian Wins the Pentathlon, and Craig, of Detroit, the 100-Metre Dash.

Stockholm, July 8.—Three American runners flashed over the line at the finish of the 100 metre race, beating the only foreign competitor and placing the United States in the lead of all other nations in the Olympic games of 1912.

With the exception of the javelin thrown, won by the Swedes, this was the first final decided.

Ralph C. Craig, of Detroit; Alvah T. Meyer, of the Irish-American A. C., and Donald F. Lippincott, of the University of Pennsylvania, were the men to finish in the order named and thus place all the points to the credit of America.

One other event was decided, and this also was won by an American, the Carlisle Indian, James Thorpe. He came out with flying colors in the pentathlon, winning with only nine points scored against him. F. R. Bie, of Norway, was second, and another American, James J. Donahue, of Los Angeles, was third.

In the events in which trials or semi-finals were held the representatives of the United States performed as creditably as they did on the opening day and qualified so many men that the chances for other nations to score heavily are very slim. In the running high jump six of the eleven men who cleared 183 centimetres and qualified for the final were Americans, England getting two of the remaining places, and Sweden, Finland and Hungary the others. The Americans who qualified were: John G. Johnstone, Boston A. A.; Egon Erickson, Mott Haven A. C.; Harry J. Grumpe, New York A. C.; George L. Horne, Leland Stanford university; Elmer W. Richards, Brigham Young university, and James Thorpe, Carlisle Indian school.

In the semi-finals of the 800 metres America also came through with flying colors. Two heats were run, four in each to qualify for the final, and of those chosen eight, America supplied six. Hans Braun, of Germany, and G. M. Brock, of Ontario, were the men that slipped into the final with Uncle Sam's lads, the four British runners being shut out. America's representatives in the final: James E. Meredith, Mercurburg A. C.; Melvin W. Shepard, Irish-American A. C.; H. N. Putnam, Cornell university; C. S. Edmondson, Seattle A. C.; D. S. Caldwell, Massachusetts Agricultural college, and Ira N. Davenport, Chicago university.

In the trials for the 10,000 metres America, though making a good showing, did not shine so distinctly. Louis Tewanima, the Carlisle Indian, gained a place in the second heat, and Louis Scott, of the South Paterson A. C., finished third in the third heat.

American swimmers also performed valiantly, though there is a chance that a misunderstanding will keep them out of the final competition with out an opportunity to measure their speed with the foreigners. The heats of the second round were wound off and Duke Kahanamok, who made a record for the 100 metres, won his trial, beating two Germans. In the third heat Kenneth Huszack, of the Chicago A. C., won, and Perry McGillivray, of the Illinois A. C., was second. Nine men came safely through the second round, and in addition to the three from the United States, Germany and Australia each qualified three.

After the second round was over the Swedish committee announced to the American competitors that owing to the smallness of the field there would be no semi-finals, but that all men would be allowed to compete in the final. Then without notifying the Americans the officials changed their plans and ran off the semi-finals. The American swimmers, of course, were not present to compete.

CLOUDBURST FLOODS TOWN

Many Driven From Homes and Damage Is Great.

Shenandoah, Pa., July 8.—Girardville, a short distance west of this city, was visited by a cloudburst Saturday. The rain came down in torrents, accompanied by a terrific electric storm that terrorized the inhabitants. The enormous rainfall quickly flooded the basements in the lowlands, doing much damage and forcing some families to seek their second stories for shelter.

Harry Levine's home on Second street was almost carried away and badly damaged. A creek passing through the town at the south end overflowed its banks and did much damage to homes.

Dodges Death by Auto, But Shock Kills

Riverton, N. J., July 8.—Special officer James J. Tomes, of Palmyra, died of heart failure. While returning home he was nearly run down by an automobile. When he reached the house he collapsed and grew steadily worse until the end.

HOUSE for rent, No. 329 York street, newly built. All conveniences, bath, heat, gas. Possession given at once. Apply Times office.

WANTED: rabbits weighing 3 1/2 pounds and over. Will pay 75 cents a pair. 35 cents a pair for white pigeons. C. B. Tate.

MUSSELMAN: 40 bushels seed wheat for sale. Apply at once. Musselman Canning Company.

BASE BALL SCORES.

Following is the Result of Games Saturday and Sunday.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Saturday's Games.
At Philadelphia—Boston, 11; Athletics, 5. Batteries—Cicotte, Hall, Beckett, Carrigan; Bender, Coombs, Pennington, Lapp.
At New York—Washington, 8; New York, 7. Batteries—Hugues, Henz; Ford, Sweeney.

At Chicago—Detroit, 4; Chicago, 0 (1st game). Batteries—Dubuc, Stanage, Johnson, Benz, White, Kuhn.
Chicago, 10; Detroit, 9 (2d game). Batteries—Lange, White, Kuhn, Sullivan; Lake, Moran, Willett, Stanage.
At Cleveland—St. Louis, 6; Cleveland, 2 (1st game). Batteries—Powell, Stephens; Kahlet, O'Neill.
Cleveland, 4; St. Louis, 3 (2d game). Batteries—Baskette, Easterly; Brown, Allison, Kritchell.

Sunday's Games.

At Cleveland—Cleveland, 4; St. Louis, 0. Batteries—Steen, Livingston; Hamilton, Kritchell.

Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. P. C.	W. L. P. C.
Boston.. 51 24 680	Cleveland 37 36 597
Washin.. 45 31 532	Detroit.. 37 39 487
Athletes 41 30 514	St. Louis 29 48 481
Chicago 42 31 575	N. York.. 19 50 273

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Saturday's Games.

At Boston—Philadelphia, 13; Boston, 11 (13 innings). Batteries—Shultz, Brennan, Alexander, Seaton, Moore, Killifer; Dickson, Donnelly, Hess, Rariden.
At Brooklyn—New York, 5; Brooklyn, 3. Batteries—Ames, Crandall, Myers; Rucker, Ragon, Miller.
At St. Louis—St. Louis, 12; Chicago, 7. Batteries—Steele, Geyer, Bliss; Cheney, Richie, Archer.
At Pittsburgh—Cincinnati, 2; Pittsburgh, 1. Batteries—Fromme, McLean; Robinson, Simon.

Sunday's Games.

At Cincinnati—Cincinnati, 2; Brooklyn, 1 (10 innings). Batteries—Benton, Clark; Barger, Miller.
At St. Louis—Chicago, 3; St. Louis, 0. Batteries—Leifeld, Lavender, Archer; Dale, Salles, Willis, Brenahan.

Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. P. C.	W. L. P. C.
N. York.. 56 18 812	Philada. 39 35 462
Chicago 40 27 597	Brooklyn 27 43 384
Pittsburg 40 28 588	St. Louis 28 47 372
Cincinnati 38 35 521	Boston.. 21 52 283

TRI-STATE LEAGUE.

Saturday's Games.

At Reading—Reading, 5; Atlantic City, 0 (1st game). Batteries—Scott, Therre; Stanley, Rementer.
Atlantic City, 2; Reading, 0 (2d game). Batteries—Covelskie, Frost; Roth, Therre.
At Harrisburg—Harrisburg, 6; Trenton, 2 (1st game). Batteries—O'Connor, Miller; Girard, Mitchell.
Harrisburg, 4; Trenton, 0 (2d game). Batteries—Owens, Miller; Matheva, Mitchell.
At Allentown—Allentown, 7; Johnstown, 4 (1st game). Batteries—Horwitz, Kutz, Monroe; Barker, Ketter.
Allentown, 2; Johnstown, 0 (2d game). Batteries—Manning, Monroe; Edwards, Ketter.
At York—York, 9; Wilmington, 5. Batteries—Culp, Porter; Salmon, Baxter, Llewellyn, Kerr.

Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. P. C.	W. L. P. C.
Trenton.. 36 22 621	Reading 37 47 474
Harrisburg 33 23 559	Atlantic City 25 48 473
Allentown 31 24 540	York.. 24 33 421
Wilmington 29 29 482	Johnstown 22 35 386

"DRYS" READY FOR BIG CONVENTION

Prohibition Delegates Meet at Atlantic City.

Atlantic City, July 8.—The national prohibition convention, with nearly 1000 delegates in attendance, will open in this city on Wednesday morning to nominate candidates for president and vice president and map out plans for the fall campaign.

The prohibitionists believe that the party is in a position to make a strong bid for national support in November and the convention promises to be one of the most interesting in years.

In addition to the vital question of prohibiting traffic in liquor, the convention expects to wrestle with the problem of woman suffrage and some form of the initiative, referendum and recall.

Many delegates already are in Atlantic City, and practically all of the members of the national committee are in the city for the meeting of the body. This meeting is expected to be a lively one.

The race for the presidential nomination appears to be an open one. Eugene W. Chifin, of Illinois and Arizona, who headed the party ticket four years ago, is again being urged for the place, and there is a decided boom on for his running mate at that time, Aaron S. Watkins, of Ohio.

BATTLE WITH RATS

Carpenters Kill 150, But Are Badly Bitten Removing Floor.

Shamokin, Pa., July 8.—A number of carpenters in the employ of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway company had a thrilling battle with an immense swarm of rats while tearing away the board flooring in the stables at the Henry Clay colliery.

Some of the men were badly bitten. They were removing the old floor preparatory to replacing it with cement, when they came upon the rats. Using their hatchets and hammers as weapons, the men dispatched them by wholesale, killing 168.

Boy Drowns at Shore.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 8.—Gus Schultz, of Philadelphia, lost his life in the ocean off New Jersey avenue while thousands congregated on the beach and boardwalk watched the thrilling attempt of the life guards to get to him. It was the first drowning of the season.

FOR SALE

The farm of the late William H. Adams, five miles north of Gettysburg, along the Harrisburg state road containing seventy-five acres, three acres of timber, improved with a frame house and barn, two wells of water and all other buildings. For further information call on or address HARVEY W. ADAMS, Executor

THE KIPPENH GABINET

It SHAPE ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And all our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

HELPFUL HINTS.

A pine pillow or sweet grass basket may be renewed by steaming them. Paint may be removed from window glass by the application of hot vinegar.

Turpentine will take ink stains from the most delicate fabric. Soak the stains over night or longer.

Sew lead weights into the hems of table covers or runners used on a porch. The wind will not disturb them.

A nice delicacy for luncheon is a crisp cracker spread with cottage cheese and garnished with a cherry on top.

When carrying a freshly-frosted cake, put a few toothpicks into the cake to keep the covering from sticking to it.

Dainty little baskets for flowers or favors may be made from old straw hats. These will delight the children, and they may help to make them.

If you have any faded roses or other flowers that need refreshing, use a little water color paint and a brush. The results will more than please.

When preserving peaches, take the broken bits and can together. This may be used (put through a ricer) for ices, ice creams and other desserts.

The disposal of garbage in country places and small towns where no provision for its removal is made, is a constant worry. All substances which decompose may be put into a small hole in the garden, and after the hole is filled cover with dirt and forget all about it, nature will do the rest. Tin cans, glass and crockery cannot be thus disposed of, as they are unsightly. A hole in the ground is a good place for them if there are any hollows and holes to be filled.

Filbert Butter.—Remove the coarse threads from hazel or filbert nuts and put through the meat grinder, then pound with a pestle in a wooden bowl until smooth. Cream as much butter as there is of the pounded nuts, add the nut paste gradually; season with paprika and use for sandwich filling.

Nellie Maxwell.

The Forlorn Hope.
"Hello! Could you suggest the wrong number I ought to ask for, miss, in order to get 2-double 0-9-2 Mayfair?"—Punch.

Egging Him On.

The scene is laid in Tripoli.
"Ah, a battle!"
"See them charge."
"Who is that dauntless hero who is cheering on the combatants?"
"I think he works for a moving picture concern," explained the guide.
Then the tourists started for the Pyramids.

He Tells the Truth.

"Mr. Wombat, I wish to marry your daughter."
"Well, young man, can you support my daughter in good style?"
"I'll do my best, sir. I must admit, however, that we shall have to buy the furniture upon the installment plan."

Does Seem Strange.

"We Americans have our oddities."
"How now, Horatius?"
"A man will boast in one breath that all Americans are free and equal, and in the next that he associates only with our best people."

WOMAN'S IDEA.



The Arrival.
Who is that sad and sorry wight
Descending from a train?
Ods-bobs! can I believe my sight?
The umpire's back again!

A Pending Divorce.

"If you remember, Wombat was married just a year ago."
"I remember."
"We ought to remember the anniversary in some way. Yes; just a year ago the wedding cards were out."
"Forget it. The wedding cards are being shuffled for a new deal."

A Pacemaker.

"You have taken your son into business with you?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher.
"But you seem to work harder than ever."
"I have to. I have an ambition to know as much about the business as he thinks he does."

A Matter of Taste.

Hoax—My grandfather lived to be nearly ninety and never used glasses.
Joax—Well, lots of people prefer to drink from the bottle.

Son and Heir

Last year all that Sallier could do at the golf club was to brag about his baby, who was too youthful actually to chum with his father's companions. When a baby is at that crumpled, reddish stage which indicates that its age is still reckoning in days all that any father ever does is to brag at a safe distance. He would be exceedingly bored by any closer companionship with his progeny.

This spring, however, Sallier felt that Robert, Jr., really was approaching a grown-up stage. He could walk. He could make noises that sounded almost like words. He could smile intelligently. Hence Sallier felt that Robert, Jr., had developed into a son who was quite a human being and entirely worthy of introduction into intelligent circles.

"Why not let me take the kid out to the club?" Sallier asked his wife on a recent Saturday afternoon. "I want to show him to the fellows. Oh, of course he'll be good—and I won't stay long. It'll give you a chance to get a little rest, too."

"It's a perfectly crazy idea!" declared Sallier's wife. "What do they care about babies at a golf club? They want to play golf!"

"I guess it won't hurt 'em to look at my son!" declared Sallier, fatuously. "They're always shouting about their kids. I want to show 'em a real boy."

Sallier and his son created all the interest that Sallier had hoped for. They arrived about 2 o'clock when the verandas were well filled and there was a rush to see the baby, who was exceedingly sporty in his new spring clothes. The men shook hands with him gravely and he bore himself with equal gravity, greatly to his father's delight. When the several women began to coo over him Sallier withdrew to the company of the men and beamed.

Chief among the enthusiastic feminine admirers of Robert, Jr., was Miss Quigley. Sallier grinned a bit when he observed her lift the baby upon her knee, for he felt that Miss Quigley was making a grand stand play and was not above getting solid even with the juvenile members of the Sallier family. It was well known that she had her eye upon Sallier's brother, Bob. Beyond the fact that she could play a disgustingly good game of golf, Sallier admitted that he couldn't object to Miss Quigley as a sister-in-law, though as a rule it did not do for a woman in a family to outshine the men in any line. She doubtless was waiting for Bob now.

Sallier turned to greet an acquaintance. Five minutes later he was deep in a discussion of the virtues of a new ball. Ten minutes later he had furiously accepted a challenge to a game to prove his contention. Fifteen minutes later he was teeing off at the first hole with energy and absorption.

It was a hotly contested game. At its finish Sallier and his opponent found their argument still undecided, so they played another round. It was a glorious afternoon and they idled over the course. "When I can drink in air like this," Sallier said every little while, "it makes me feel that life is really worth living!"

After he had finished playing Sallier and a group of men strolled into a clump of apple trees and smoked and then simultaneously sighed and arose, for they must catch the 5:50 train. Beaming, flushed with exercise and general happiness, Sallier tramped into the clubhouse. As he passed the big living room door shrill, angry yells smote his ear. Something at the back of his brain was disturbed, but not till he had walked straight by a little group in the window did some dim thought put the brakes on Sallier's feet.

He blinked a moment at the tableau of Miss Quigley with Robert, Jr., in her arms before he comprehended. Miss Quigley was flushed, disheveled, awry, angry Robert, Jr., struggling in her grasp, was furious. An unprejudiced person might have said that at one particularly vicious yell of Robert Jr.'s, Miss Quigley shook him.

"Great snakes!" gasped Sallier as he comprehended. "I forgot—I forgot all about his being here!"
"I should think you had!" Miss Quigley assured him. "He seems a very active child. I never worked so hard in my life as I have since 2 o'clock. And your wife has telephoned five times for you!"

She added this as though rejoiced to know that retribution awaited Sallier at the other end of the line.
"Say," Sallier begged. "I'm scared. Come on home with me and help temper the atmosphere when I arrive. I fancy Bob will drop in for dinner, since he isn't out here!"

"Well," said Miss Quigley, "you deserve all you are going to get—but I'm just mad enough at you to go along and see you get it"—Chicago Daily News.

THE WESTERN MARYLAND RAILWAY

7:55 A. M. Daily Except Sunday for Baltimore, Hanover, York and Intermediate Points.
10:08 A. M. Daily for Hagerstown, Waynesboro, Chambersburg, Hanover, Cumberland, Elkins and Points West.
1:00 P. M. for York & Intermediate Points.
3:22 P. M. Daily Except Sunday, for Baltimore, Hanover, York, and Intermediate Points.
7:13 P. M. daily except Sunday for B. and H. Division points to Hightfield, also Hagerstown, Waynesboro, Chambersburg, Shippensburg and all points west.
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FARMERS ATTENTION!

BLACK PRINCE No. 251, sire of Garibaldi, (formerly owned by the Franklin Township Horse Company), has been licensed by the State Live Stock Sanitary Board as an unregistered but SOUND Stallion, weighs 1350 pounds, height 16 hands. Black Prince will stand on the farm of G. C. OYLER, Franklin Township, from April 1st to July 1st, 1912.

For further information write or phone to,
George C. Oyler, Owner and Keeper
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Canker Remedy.

Take of burnt alum one teaspoonful, the same of burnt borax, put in a dish or bowl with one teaspoonful of white sugar, the same of boiling water; grate 1/2 nutmeg into this and let cool; bottle and shake before using. Dose—give one teaspoonful three times daily.

Tape for Hems.

The use of tape for hems for children's yokes where they are closed makes a very neat finish, as there are no bulging double edges, and it makes the yoke stronger where the hooks and eyes or buttons are attached.

Bacon Curls and Corn Fritters.

Cut breakfast bacon in very thin slices and remove rind. Place in a hot pan and curl it up, making shape in curls and fry for five minutes.

A FISH STORY.



"Jonah must have been a high-priced lawyer, pa."
"What makes you think so?"
"The whale couldn't retain him."

A Small Farm at Private Sale

Situated in Highland Township, Adams Co., Pa. Containing about 30 acres more or less. Situated along the road leading from the Fairfield road to Knoxlyn Mills, one mile from the former place and 3/4 miles from the latter place, improved with a two story weather boarded house and barn, and necessary outbuildings, 2 wells 1 at barn and 1 at the house and a good cistern at the house, a good supply of fruit, apples, grapes and cherries, several acres of timber, convenient to churches, stores, mills, schools and blacksmith shop, any person desiring to view the property can call on J. A. Adams, residing on the farm or H. W. Weaver, or the undersigned. Terms easy.

My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF
A GRAY JACKET
By RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"
Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens in a tent of the Confederate army at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Captain Wayne a secret message to Longstreet, upon the delivery of which depend great issues. Accompanied by Sergeant Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts out on his dangerous mission.

CHAPTER II.—The two messengers make a wild ride, dodging squads of soldiers, almost lose their bearings and finally are within the lines of the enemy, having penetrated the cordon of pickets unobserved.

CHAPTER III.—Encountering a small party of soldiers in the darkness, Wayne is taken for a federal officer who came to keep an appointment, is accepted as his representative, and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge.

CHAPTER IV.—The female companion of the two southern scouts is a northern girl, who, when she becomes aware of their army affiliations, slashes Wayne with her riding whip and attempts to escape but fails.

CHAPTER V.—One of the horses giving out, Wayne orders Craig to get through with the dispatches to Longstreet. He and My Lady of the North are left alone near a rocky gorge.

CHAPTER VI.—The Confederate officer and the Union girl thread the mazes of the woods. He discovers a lonely hut, and entering it in the dark, huge, finally attacks him. The girl shoots the brute just in time.

CHAPTER VII.—The owner of the hut, one Jed Bungray, appears and he and his wife give the captain a welcome. Suddenly a party of horsemen are observed coming down the road.

CHAPTER VIII.—They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lowrie, who orders Mrs. Bungray to give them food, and her husband act as a guide. The woman discovers the man to be a disguised impostor, attacks the intruder and there is a general melee.

CHAPTER IX.—The disguised leader proves to be Major Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy. The girl protests and says she will appeal to General Sheridan.

CHAPTER X.—Wayne held prisoner in a copse, sees rise of Confederates pass the road at a distance and knows that Craig has delivered the message.

CHAPTER XI.—The captive is brought before General Sheridan who refuses to set him free unless he reveals the secret message.

CHAPTER XII.—Captain Wayne is led to understand that the woman he addresses is Edith Brennan, wife of the Federal officer, who hates him. He is given the choice of revealing the Lee message or of being shot as a spy.

CHAPTER XIII.—Wayne is rescued from his prison by Jed Bungray. One of them must get a quick report through the lines to General Lee and Jed starts on the mission.

CHAPTER XIV.—Finding the garb of an absent officer of the Union artillery, Wayne penetrates to the ballroom, where a social army function is in progress, and pretends to be Col. Curran of Ohio.

CHAPTER XV.—The disguised scout is introduced to a Miss Miner. She knows the Curran family and Wayne barely escapes being unmasked. Edith Brennan appears on the scene.

CHAPTER XVI.—Mrs. Brennan recognizes Wayne. She having been led to believe that he had been sent away, learns of the treachery of Maj. Brennan and says she will save him.

CHAPTER XVII.

Through the Camp of the Enemy. A glance at my watch told me that it was already within a few moments of midnight. There was, however, no diminution in the festivities, and I waited in silence until I heard the sentries calling the hour, and then pressed my way back into the noisy, crowded ballroom. I was stopped twice by well-meaning officers whom

I had met earlier in the evening, but breaking away from them after the exchange of a sentence or two, I urged my course as directly as possible toward where the spectacled brigadier yet held his post as master of ceremonies.

We had been conversing pleasantly for several minutes when Mrs. Brennan appeared. Standing so as to face the stairs, I saw her first coming down, and noted that she wore her hat, and had a light walking-cloak thrown over her shoulders. My heart beat faster as I realized for the first time that she intended to be my companion.

"Oh, General, I am exceedingly glad to find you yet here," she exclaimed as she came up, and extended a neatly gloved hand to him. "I have a favor to ask which I am told you alone have the authority to grant."

He bowed gallantly.

"I am very sure," he returned smilingly, "that Mrs. Brennan will never request anything which I would not gladly yield."

She flashed her eyes brightly into his face.

"Most assuredly not. The fact is, General, Colonel Curran, with whom I see you are already acquainted, was to pass the night at the Major's quarters, and as he has not yet returned, the duty has naturally devolved upon me to see our guest safely deposited. We are at the Mitchell House, you remember, which is beyond the inner lines; and while, of course, I have been furnished with a pass, she held up the paper for his inspection, and have been also instructed as to the countersign, I fear this will scarcely suffice for the safe passage of the Colonel."

The General laughed good-humoredly, evidently pleased with her assumption of military knowledge.

"Colonel Curran is certainly to be congratulated upon having found so charming a guide, madam, and I can assure you I shall most gladly do my part toward the success of the expedition. The Major was expected back before this, I believe?"

"He left word that if he had not returned by twelve I was to wait for him no longer, as he should go directly to his quarters. I find the life of a

soldier to be extremely uncertain."

"We are our country's servants, madam," he replied proudly, and then taking out a pad of blanks from his pocket, turned to me.

"May I ask your full name and rank, Colonel?"

"Patrick L. Curran, Colonel, Sixth Ohio Light Artillery."

He wrote it down rapidly, tore off the paper, and handed it to me. "That will take you safely through our inner guard lines," he said gravely, "that being as far as my jurisdiction extends. Good-night, Colonel; good-night, Mrs. Brennan."

We bowed ceremoniously, and the next moment Mrs. Brennan and I were out upon the steps, breathing the cool night air. I glanced curiously at her face as the gleam of light fell upon it—how calm and reserved she appeared, and yet her eyes were aglow with intense excitement. At the foot of the steps she glanced up at the dark, projecting roof far above us.

"Do you suppose he can possibly be up there yet?" she asked, in a tone so low as to be inaudible to the ears of the sentry.

"Who? Bungray?" I questioned in surprise, for my thoughts were elsewhere. "Oh, he was like a cat, and there are trees at the rear. Probably he is safe long ago, or else a prisoner once more."

Beyond the gleam of the uncovered windows all was wrapped in complete darkness, save that here and there we could distinguish the dull red glare of camp-fires where the company cooks were yet at work, or some sentry post had been established. We turned sharply to the left, and proceeded down a comparatively smooth road, which seemed to me to possess a rock basis, it felt so hard. From the position of the stars I judged our course to be eastward, but the night was sufficiently obscured to shroud all objects more than a few yards distant. Except for the varied camp noises on either side of us the evening was oppressively still, and the air had the late chill of high altitudes. Mrs. Brennan pressed more closely to me as we passed beyond the narrow zone of light, and unconsciously we fell into step together.

A few hundred yards farther a fire burned redly against a pile of logs. The forms of several men lay out stretched beside it, while a sentry paced back and forth, in and out of the range of light. We were almost upon him before he noted our approach, and in his haste he swung his musket down from his shoulder until the point of its bayonet nearly touched my breast.

"Halt!" he cried sternly, peering at us in evident surprise. "Halt! this road is closed."

"Valley Forge," whispered the girl, and I noticed how white her face appeared in the flaming of the fire.

"The word is all right, Miss," returned the fellow, stoutly, yet without lowering his obstructing gun. "But we cannot pass any one out on the countersign alone. If you was going the other way it would answer."

"But we are returning from the officers' ball," she urged anxiously, "and are one our way to Major Brennan's quarters. We have passes."

As she drew the paper from out her glove one of the men at the fire sprang to his feet and strode across the narrow road toward us. He was smooth of face and boyish looking, but wore corporal's stripes.

"What is it, Maizes?" he asked sharply.

Without waiting an answer he took the paper she held out and scanned it rapidly.

"This is all right," he said, handing it back, and lifting his cap in salute. "You may pass, madam. You must pardon us, but the orders are exceedingly strict to-night. Have you a pass also, Colonel?" I handed it to him, and after a single glance it was returned.

"Pass them, guard," he said curtly, standing aside.

Beyond the radiance of the fire she broke the silence.

"I shall only be able to go with you so far as the summit of the hill yonder, for our quarters are just to the right, and I could furnish no excuse for being found beyond that point," she said. "Do you know enough of the country to make the lines of your army?"

"If this is the Kendallville pike we are on," I answered, "I have a pretty clear conception of what lies ahead, but I should be very glad to know where I am to look for the outer picket."

"There is one post at the ford over the White Briar," she replied. "I chance to know this because Major Brennan selected the station, and remarked that the stream was so high and rapid as to be impassable at any other point for miles. But I regret this is as far as my information extends."

I started to say something—what I hardly know—when, almost without sound of warning, a little squad of horsemen swept over the brow of the hill in our front, their forms darkly outlined against the starlit sky, and rode down toward us at a sharp trot. I had barely time to swing my companion out of the track when they clattered by, their heads bent low to the wind, and seemingly oblivious to all save the movements of their leader.

"Sheridan!" I whispered, for even in that dimness I had not failed to recognize the short, erect figure which rode in front.

The woman shuddered, and drew closer within my protecting shadow. Then out of the darkness there burst a solitary rider, his horse limping as if crippled, and would have ridden us down, had I not flung up one hand and grasped his bridle-rein.

"Great Scott! what have we here?" he cried roughly, peering down at us. "By all the gods, a woman!"

The hand upon my arm clutched me desperately, and my own heart seemed to choke back every utterance. The voice was Brennan's.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Reputation of a Woman.

Like a flash occurred to me the only possible means by which we might escape open discovery—an instant dis-

closure of my supposed rank, coupled with indignant protest. Already, believing me merely some private soldier straying out of bounds with a woman of the camp as a companion, he had thrown himself from the saddle to investigate. Whatever was to be done must be accomplished quickly, or it would prove all too late. To think



"Put Down Your Pistol," She Ordered Coldly.

was to act. Stepping instantly in front of the shrinking girl and facing him, I said sternly:

"I do not know who you may chance to be, sir, nor greatly care, yet your words and actions imply an insult to this lady which I am little disposed to overlook. For your information permit me to state, I am Colonel Curran, Sixth Ohio Light Artillery, and am not accustomed to being halted on the road by every drunken fool who sports a uniform."

He stopped short in complete surprise, staring at me through the darkness, and I doubted not was perfectly able to distinguish the glint of buttons and gleam of braid.

"Your pardon, sir," he ejaculated at last. "I mistook you for some runaway soldier. But I failed to catch your words; how did you name your self?"

"Colonel Curran, of Major-General Halleck's staff."

"The hell you are! Curran had a full gray beard a month ago."

He took a step forward, and before I could recover from the first numbing shock of surprise was peering intently into my face.

"Damn it!" he cried, tugging viciously at a revolver in his belt. "I know that face! You are the measly Johnny Reb I brought in day before yesterday."

There came a quick flutter of drapery at my side, and she, pressing me firmly backward, faced him without a word.

The man's extended arm dropped to his side as though pierced by a bullet, and he took one step backward, shrinking as if his startled eyes beheld a ghost.

"Edith!" he cried, as though doubting his own vision, and the ring of agony in his voice was almost piteous. "Edith! My God! You here, at midnight, alone with this man?"

However the words, the tone, the gesture may have stung her, her face remained proudly calm, her voice cold and clear.

"I certainly am, Major Brennan," she answered, her eyes never once leaving his face. "And may I ask what reason you can have to object?"

"Reason?" His voice had grown hoarse with passion and surprise. "My God, how can you ask? How can you even face me? Why do you not sink down in shame? Alone here,—he looked about him into the darkness,—at such an hour, in company with a Rebel, a sneaking, cowardly spy, already condemned to be shot. By Heaven! he shall never live to boast of it!"

He flung up his revolver barrel to prove the truth of his threat, but she stepped directly between us, and shielded me with her form.

"Put down your pistol," she ordered coldly. "I assure you my reputation is in no immediate danger unless you shoot me, and your bullet shall certainly find my heart before it ever reaches Captain Wayne."

"Truly, you must indeed love him," he sneered.

So close to me was she standing that I could feel her form tremble at this insult, yet her voice remained emotionless.

"Your uncalculated words shame me, not my actions. In being here with Captain Wayne tonight I am merely paying a simple debt of honor—a double debt, indeed, considering that he was condemned to death by your lie, while you deceived me by another."

"Did he tell you that?"

"He did not. I am the true gentleman he has ever shown himself to be, he endeavored to disguise the facts, to withhold from me all knowledge of your dastardly action. I know it by the infamous sentence pronounced against him and by your falsehood to me."

"Edith, you mistake," he urged anxiously. "I was told that he had been sent North."

She drew a deep breath, as though she could scarcely grasp the full audacity of his pretense to ignorance.

"You appeared to be fully informed but now as to his death sentence."

"Yes, I heard of it while away, and intended telling you as soon as I reached our quarters."

I could feel the scorn of his miserable deception as it curled her lip, and her figure seemed to straighten between us.

"Then," she said slowly, "you will doubtless agree that I have done no more than was right, and will therefore permit him this chance of escape from so unmerited a fate; for you know as well as I do that he has been wrongly condemned."

He stepped forward with a half-smothered oath, and rested one hand heavily upon her shoulder.

"I rather guess not, madam," he said. "Dama him! I will hang him now higher than Haman, just to show Queen Esther that it can be done. Out of the way, madam!"

Rendered desperate by her slight resistance and his own jealous hatred,

he thrust the woman aside so rudely that she fell forward upon one knee. His revolver was yet in his right hand, gleaming in the starlight, but before he could raise or fire it I had grasped the steel barrel firmly, and the hammer came down noiselessly upon the flesh of my thumb. The next instant we were locked close together in fierce struggle for the mastery. He was the heavier, stronger man; I the younger and quicker. From the first every effort on both sides was put forth solely to gain command of the weapon—his to fire, mine to prevent, for I knew well at the sound of the discharge there would come a rush of blue-coats to his rescue. My first fierce onset had put him on the defensive, but as we tugged and strained his superiority in weight began to tell, and slowly he bore me backward, until all the weight of my body rested upon my right leg. Then there occurred to me like a flash a wrestler's trick taught me years before by an old negro on my father's plantation. Instantly I appeared to yield to the force against which I contended with simulated weakness, sinking lower and lower, until, I doubt not, Brennan felt convinced I must go over backward. But as I thus sank, my left foot found steady support farther back, while my free hand sank slowly down his straining body until my groping fingers grasped firmly the broad belt about his waist. I yielded yet another inch, until he leaned so far over me as to be out of all balance, and then, with sudden straightening of my left leg, at the same time forcing my head beneath his chest in leverage, with one tremendous effort I flung him, head under, crashing down upon the hard road. Trembling like a reed from the exertion, I stood there looking down upon the dark form lying huddled at my feet. He

was motionless, and I bent over, placing my hand upon his heart, horrified at the mere thought that he might be dead. But the heart beat, and with a prayer of thankfulness I looked up.

"Tell me, Captain Wayne," he exclaimed anxiously, "he is not—not seriously hurt?"

"I believe not," I answered soberly. "He is a heavy man, and fell hard, yet his heart beats strong. He must have cut his head upon a stone, however, for he is bleeding."

She knelt beside him, and I caught the whiteness of a handkerchief within her hand.

"Believe me, Mrs. Brennan," I faltered lamely, "I regret this far more than I can tell. Nothing has ever occurred to me to give greater pain than the thought that I have brought you so much of sorrow and trouble. You will have faith in me?"

"Always, everywhere—whether it ever be our fate to meet again or not. But now you must go."

"Go? And leave you here alone? Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid?" she looked about her into the darkness. "Of what? Surely you do not mean of Frank—of Major Brennan? And as to my being alone, our quarters are within a scant hundred yards from here, and a single cry will bring me aid in plenty. Hush! what was that?"

It was the shuffling tread of many feet, the sturdy tramp of a body of infantry on the march.

"Go!" she cried hurriedly. "If you would truly serve me, if you care at all for me, do not longer delay and be discovered here. It is the grand rounds. I beg of you, go!"

I grasped her outstretched hand, pressed my lips hotly upon it, and sped with noiseless footsteps down the black, deserted road.

(To Be Continued.)

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